

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,  
By thee to die, were but to dye in ieast,  
From thee to dye, were torment more then death,  
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall,

*Queene.* Oh mightst thou stay with safety of thy life,  
Then shouldst thou stay, but heauens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.

*Suff.* I goe.

*Queene.* And take my heart with thee.

*She kisseth him.*

*Suff.* A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,  
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,  
Thus like a splitted Barke, so sunder we,  
This way fall I to death.

*Exit Suffolke.*

*Queene.* This way for me.

*Exit Queene.*

*Enter King and Salisbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the  
Cardinall is disconered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were  
mad.*

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,  
I'll giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Island.

*King.* Oh, see my Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,  
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?  
What would you haue me to do then?  
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?  
Sirra, go fetch me the poyson which the Pothicary sent me.  
Oh, see where Duke *Humfries* ghost doth stand,  
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,  
So now hee's gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

*Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

*King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,  
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs. *Car. dieth.*  
Oh see he dyes, and makes no signe at all,  
Oh God forgiue his soule.

*Sal.* So bad an end did neuer none behold,  
But as his death, so was his life in all.

*King*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*King.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salisbury forbear,  
For God will iudge vs all.  
Go take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd.

*Exit omnes.*

*Alarmes within, and the Chambers bee discharged, like as it were a  
fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship, and the Ma-  
ster, and the Masters mate, and the Duke of Suffolke disguised, and  
others with him, & Water Whickmore.*

*Cap.* Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,  
Vnlade their goods with speed, and sincke their ship,  
Here Master, this prisoner I giue to you.  
This other, the Masters mate shall haue,  
And *Water Whickmore* thou shalt haue this man,  
And let them pay their ransome ere they passe.

*Suffolke.* Water!

*He starteth.*

*Water.* How now, what dost feare me?

Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

*Suff.* It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.  
I do remember well, a cunning wizzard told me,  
That by *Water* I should dye:  
Yet let not that make thee bloody minded,  
Thy name being rightly sounded,  
Is *Gualter*, not *Walter*.

*Walter.* *Gualter* or *Water*, al's one to me,  
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

*Suff.* I am a Gentleman, looke on my Ring,  
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

*Walter.* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,  
And therefore ere I Merchant-like sell blood for gold,  
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

*2. Prison.* But what shall our ransomes be?

*Mai.* A hundred pounds a peece, eyther pay that or dye.

*2. Prison.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paide.

*Water.* Come sirra, thy life shall be the ransome I wil haue.

*Suff.* Stay villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,

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